A

SELECTION

OF

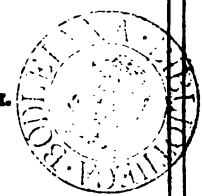
PSALMS & HYMNS,

For the Use of the

PARISH CHURCH

OF

PETERBOROUGH.



God is the King of all the earth: sing ye praises with understanding. Ps. xlvii. 7.

Peterborough:

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have been made for the use of different Churches in London and elsewhere. Some valuable remarks on this subject may be seen in the Preface to a Selection of Psalms and Hymns, published by Dr. Maltby, for the use of his Church at Buckden, under the sanction of the Bishop of Lincoln: from which work some of the Hymns in this Selection have been taken. "However excellent the design of the Authors (of the Old and New Version of the Psalms) might have been, and however great their success in many instances, yet it must be acknowledged that something appears still wanting to a Christian Congregation; something that in addition to the holy effusions of the Old Testament, may convey that clearer view of God's dispensations, those astonishing hopes and consoling promises, which are supplied by the inspired Penmen of the New. Even under the influence of Prophetic inspiration, David saw, but as thro' a glass, darkly, the saving truths of redemption and sanctification. These truths

therefore, taught as they were by our Lord and his Apostles; and illustrated by the great transactions of his life and death, may surely form in a Christian Congregation as fit subjects for devotional melodies, as the events of the Jewish History and precepts of the Mosaic Law suggested to the holy Psalmist. Such a feeling has, of late at least, so generally prevailed, that there are perhaps not many large Congregations in our National Church, where some Version of the Psalms, different from those which are authorized, and some Hymns, founded upon the history and doctrines of the Gospel, have not been admitted."

Under the influence of considerations such as these, the following Selection of Psalms and Hymns has been prepared, for the use of the Parish Church of Peterborough; with the earnest desire that it may lead the WHOLE CONGREGATION to join in the delightful and heavenly work of singing praise to God. For as it is well

remarked by an excellent Divine "There is no part of divine service which is so properly the act of the *congregation* as singing; in the other parts, the Minister takes the lead; in this, he only unites in the worship as one of the congregation. It is therefore incumbent on *every one* to join, if able, in this general act of Homage."

To the same purpose Mr. Daubeny in the forecited Preface excellently observes "When the voice is lifted up with strength to praise the Lord in the Congregation, the soul is, as it were, carried upward towards the eternal source of all harmony and glory. Nothing but custom, which by degrees reconciles us to anything, however inconsistent with profession or character, can have reconciled the members of our Church to the impropriety of sitting down, and paying no attention to that part of the service in which every one who has a God to praise ought to be equally interested.—Indeed if Christians would be prepared to join in the

chorous of Saints and Angels in the Church Triumphant in heaven, they should accustom themselves to join in the service appointed to be sung in the Church Militant here on earth. And such will be the case, if Christians consider, that one great end of their having being admitted into the fellowship of Christ's Church on earth was, that they might be prepared for admission into a more Spiritual Society in a better world."

A SELECTION

&c.

OLD VERSION.

PSALM I.

1 The man is blest that hath not lent
To wicked men his ear,
Nor led his life as sinners do,
Nor sat in scorner's chair.

2 But in the law of God the Lord
Doth set his whole delight:
And in the same doth exercise
Himself both day and night.

3 He shall be like a tree that is
Planted the rivers nigh;
Which in due season bringeth forth
Its fruit abundantly.

4 Whose leaf shall never fade nor fall,
But flourishing shall stand:
Ev'n so all things shall prosper well
That this man takes in hand.

PSALM VIII.

1 O God our Lord, how wonderful
Are thy works every where:
Thy fame surmounts in dignity
The highest heavens that are.

2 Even by the mouths of sucking babes
Thou wilt confound thy foes;
For in those babes thy might is seen,
Thy graces they disclose.

3 And when I see the heavens above,
The works of thy own hand;
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,
In order as they stand.

4 Lord what is man, that thou of him
Tak'st such abundant care?
Or what the Son of man, whom thou
To visit dost not spare?

5 O God our Lord, how excellent
Is thy most glorious name
In all the earth! therefore we do
Praise and adore the same.

PSALM XV.

1 Within thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall inhabit still?
Or whom wilt thou receive to dwell
In thy most holy hill?

2 The man whose life is uncorrupt,
Whose works are just and strait:
Whose heart doth think the very truth
And tongue speaks no deceit.

3 That to his neighbour doth no ill
In body, goods, or name;
Nor willingly doth slanders raise,
Which might impair the same.

4 That in his heart regardeth not
Malicious, wicked men;
But those that love and fear the Lord
He maketh much of them.

PSALM XVI.

1 I set the Lord still in my sight,
And trust him over all;
For he doth stand on my right hand,
Therefore I shall not fall.

2 Wherefore my heart and tongue also,
Rejoice exceedingly:
My flesh likewise shall rest in hope
To rise again; for why?

3 Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell,
Because thou lovest me;
Nor yet wilt give thy Holy One
Corruption for to see.

4 But wilt me shew the way of life,
Where there is joy in store,
And where at thy right hand there are
Pleasures for evermore.

4 Sing praise, ye Saints, that prove and see
The goodness of the Lord;
In honour of his Majesty
Rejoice with one accord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be still
To all Eternity.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
It is a seemly sight,
That upright men, with thankful voice,
Should praise the Lord of right.

2 Praise ye the Lord with harp; and sing
To him with Psaltery;
With ten-stringed instruments sounding,
Praise ye the Lord most high.

3 Sing to the Lord a song most new,
With courage give him praise;
For why—his word is ever true,
His works, and all his ways.

4 Both judgement, equity, and right,
He ever lov'd, and will;
And with his gifts he doth delight
The earth throughout to fill.

2 Let not my foes rejoice,
Nor make a scorn of me;
And let them not be overthrown,
That put their trust in thee.

3 But shame shall them befal,
Who harm them wrongfully;
Therefore thy paths and thy right ways
Unto me, Lord, descry.

4 Direct me in thy truth,
And teach me, Lord, I pray;
Thou art my Saviour, and my God,
On thee I wait alway.

PSALM XXX.

1 All laud and praise with heart and voice,
O Lord, I give to thee;
Who did'st not make my foes rejoice,
But hast exalted me.

2 O Lord my God, to thee I cry'd
In all my pain and grief;
Thou gav'st an ear, and did'st provide
To ease me with relief.

3 Thou, Lord, hast brought my soul from hell,
And thou the same didst save
From them that in the pit do dwell,
And keep'st me from the grave.

PSALM XLIII.

1 Judge and defend my cause, O Lord,
'Gainst them that evil be;
From wicked and deceitful men,
O Lord deliver me.

2 For of my strength thou art the God,
Why am I put from thee?
Why walk I heavily, whilst that
My foe oppresseth me?

3 O Lord, send out thy light and truth,
And lead me with thy grace;
Which may conduct me to thy hill,
And to thy dwelling place.

4 Then shall I to thy altar go,
With joy to worship there;
And on my harp give thanks to thee,
O God, my God most dear.

PSALM LI.

1 Make new my heart within my breast,
And frame it to thy holy will;
And let thy spirit in me rest,
Which may my soul with comfort fill.

2 Cast me not, Lord, out from thy sight,
But speedily my torments end:
Take not from me thy Holy Spirit,
Which may from dangers me defend.

3 Restore me to those joys again,
Which I was wont in thee to find ;
Let me thy free Spirit retain,
Which unto thee may draw my mind.

4 Thus when I shall thy mercies know,
I shall instruct others therein ;
And men that are likewise brought low,
By my example shall flee sin.

PSALM LVI.

1 I glory in the word of God,
To praise it I accord ;
With joy I will declare abroad,
The promise of the Lord.

2 I Trust in God the Lord, and say,
As I before began,
The Lord he is my help and stay,
I do not care for man.

3 I will perform with heart most free,
My vows to God always ;
And I, O Lord, all times to thee,
Will offer thanks and praise.

4 My soul from death thou dost defend,
And keep'st my feet upright ;
That I before thee may ascend,
With such as live in light.

4 These birds full nigh thy altar may
Have place to sit and sing:
O Lord of hosts, thou art alway
My only God and King.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM XCI.

1 He that within the sacred place
Of God most high doth dwell;
Under the shadow of his grace
He shall be safe and well.

2 Thou art my hope and my strong hold,
I to the Lord will say;
My God he is, in him will I
My whole affiance stay.

3 He shall defend thee from the snare,
The which the hunter laid;
And from the deadly plague and care,
Whereof thou art afraid.

4 And with his wings shall cover thee,
And keep thee safely there:
His faith and truth thy fence shall be,
As sure as shield and spear.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  Immortal glory be,
As was, and is, and shall be still,
  To all Eternity.

PSALM C.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
    Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
  Him serve with fear; his praise forth tell;
    Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
    Without our aid he did us make;
  We are his flock, he doth us feed,
    And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise;
    Approach with joy his courts unto;
  Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
    For it is seemly so to do.

  For why? the Lord our God is good;
    His mercy is for ever sure;
  His truth at all times firmly stood,
    And shall from age to age endure.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM CIII.

1 My soul, give praise unto the Lord,
My spirit do the same;
And all the secrets of my heart,
Praise ye his holy name.

2 Praise thou the Lord, my soul, who hath
To thee been very kind;
And suffer not his benefits
To slip out of thy mind.

3 Who gave thee pardon for thy faults,
And thee restored again
From all thy weak, and frail disease,
And heal'd thee of thy pain.

4 Who did redeem thy life from death,
From which thou couldst not flee;
His mercy and compassion both
He did extend to thee.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All Glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM CIV.

1 My soul praise the Lord,
Speak good of his name,
O Lord our great God,
How dost thou appear!

So passing in glory,
That great is thy fame;
Honour and majesty
In thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe
Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heavens in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

3 His chamber beams lie
In the clouds full sure,
Which as his chariots
Are made him to bear;
And there with much swiftness
His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

PSALM CXXV.

1 Those that do place their confidence,
Upon the Lord our God only;
And flee to him for their defence,
In all their need and misery,

4 For why ? the Lord his pleasure all
Hath in his people set;
And by deliv'rance he will raise
The meek to glory great.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Immortal glory be,
As was, is now, and shall be still,
To all eternity.

VENI CREATOR.

1 Come Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of peace and love.

2 Visit our minds, and into us
Thy heavenly grace inspire;
That for all truth and godliness
We may have true desire.

3 Thou art the very comforter
In all grief and distress;
The heavenly gift of God most high,
Spirit of truth and grace!

4 The fountain and the living spring
Of joy celestial;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
And unction spiritual.

5 O Holy Ghost! into our souls
  Send down thy heavenly light;
Inflame our hearts with fervent love
  To serve God day and night.

6 Our weakness strengthen and confirm,
  Which feeble is, and frail;
That neither Satan, World, nor Flesh,
  Against us may prevail.

Prayer after the Commandments.

1 Thy spirit grant to us, O Lord,
  To keep these laws our hearts incline;
And cause us all with one accord
  To magnify thy name divine.

2 For of ourselves no strength we have
  To keep these laws after thy will;
Thy might therefore, O Christ, we crave,
  That we, by thee, may them fulfil.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  All praise and glory be therefore;
As in beginning was, is now,
  And shall be so for evermore.

2 Their faith is sure still to endure,
Grounded on Christ the corner stone:
Moved with no ill, but standeth sure,
Stedfast like to the Mount Sion.

3 And as about Jerusalem
The mighty hills do it compass,
So that no foes can come to them
To hurt that town in any case;

4 So God indeed in every need,
His faithful people doth defend:
Standing them by assuredly,
From this time forth, world without end.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All praise and Glory be therefore:
As in beginning was, is now,
And shall be so for evermore.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O praise the Lord, praise ye his name,
Praise him with one accord:
O praise him still, all ye that be
The servants of the Lord.

2 O praise him, ye that stand and be
In the house of the Lord;
Ye of his court, and of his house,
Praise him with one accord.

3 Praise ye the Lord, for he is good;
  Sing praises to his name;
It is a good and pleasant thing
  Always to do the same.

4 For why? the Lord hath Jacob chose
  His very own you see;
So hath he chosen Israel
  His treasure for to be.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  All glory be therefore,
As in beginning was, is now,
  And shall be evermore.

PSALM CXLIX.

1 Sing ye unto the Lord our God
  A new rejoicing song;
And let the praise of him be heard
  His holy Saints among.

2 Let Israel rejoice in God,
  And praises to him sing;
And let the seed of Sion be
  Most joyful in their King.

3 Let them sound praise with voice of lute,
  Unto his holy name;
And with the timbrel and the harp
  Sing praises to the same.

PSALM II.

1 Maker, and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
By David, are fulfil'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.

3 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that has rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his son.

4 Be wise, ye rulers, now,
And worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow
To God's exalted son.

5 If once his wrath arise,
Ye perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies
For refuge to his grace.

A Morning Psalm.

PSALM III. C. M.

1 Thou art, O Lord, my sure defence,
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

So passing in glory,
That great is thy fame;
Honour and majesty
In thee shine most clear.

2 With light as a robe
Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heavens in such sort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

3 His chamber beams lie
In the clouds full sure,
Which as his chariots
Are made him to bear;
And there with much swiftness
His course doth endure,
Upon the wings riding
Of winds in the air.

PSALM CXXV.

1 Those that do place their confidence,
Upon the Lord our God only;
And flee to him for their defence,
In all their need and misery,

3 Supported by thy Heav'nly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong:
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye Heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Evening Psalm.

PSALM IV. C. M.

1 Lord, thou will hear me when I pray,
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From care and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart, and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice,
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

Morning Psalm.

PSALM V. C. M.

1 Lord, hear the voice of my complaint;
Accept my secret prayer:
To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;
And with the dawning day
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

3 And let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all who love thy name.

4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend;
And with his favor all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

Sunday Morning.

PSALM V. *Version* 2. C. M.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

5 O! may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

6 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfil'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor, as a shield.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

1 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou,
How glorious is thy name.

2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight—
The moon that nightly rules the sky
With stars of feebler light—

4 Lord, what is man, that thou should'st love
To keep him in thy mind!
Or what his offspring, that thou art
To them so wond'rous kind!

5 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM IX. C. M.

1 To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
  Exalted pleasures bring;
While to thy name, O thou most high,
  Triumphant praise I sing.

3 God is a constant, sure defence
  Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
  In our behalf engage.

4 His suff'ring saints, when most distrest,
  He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
  Tho' for a time delay'd.

5 All those who have his goodness prov'd
  Will in his truth confide,
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
  Who on his help relied.

6 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
  From Sion, his abode,
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
  Confess no other God.

PSALM XI. C. M.

1 Since I have plac'd my trust in God,
  A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous bird,
  To distant mountains fly?

2 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above;
Where he surveys the sons of men,
And how their counsels move:

3 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favor grace;
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM XI. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 My refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult, and cry,
"Fly, like a tim'rous, trembling dove,
"To distant woods, or mountains fly."

2 The Lord in Heav'n has fix'd his throne;
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known;
His eyelids search our spirits through;

3 If he afflict his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear!
His very soul abhors their ways.

4 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own Image bear.

PSALM XIII. C. M.

1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord!
Must I for ever mourn!
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh! never to return!

2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress!
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress!

3 Since I have always plac'd my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come—and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

4 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
To thee, my God! ascend,
Who, to thy servant in distress,
Such bounty did'st extend.

PSALM XVI. C. M.

1 My soul shall ever bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private counsel still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

2 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye:
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

3 Therefore my heart all grief defies;
My glory doth rejoice;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

4 Thou Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII. L. M.

1 Lord! I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When wicked men against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord! 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us, is Divine."

PSALM XXIII. L. M.

1 My Shepherd is the living Lord,
Now shall my wants be well supplied,
His providence and holy word
Become my safety, and my guide.

2 In pastures where Salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace;
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death, and all it's terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

PSALM XXIII. *Version* 2. C. M.

1 The Lord supplies his people's need,
Jehovah is his name:
In Pastures fresh he makes them feed
Beside the living stream.

2 He brings their wand'ring spirits back,
When they forsake his ways,
And leads them for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

3 When they walk thro' the shades of death,
His presence is their stay:
A word of his supporting breath
Drives all their fears away.

4 His hand in sight of all their foes,
Doth still their table spread;
Their cup with blessings overflows,
His oil anoints their head.

5 The sure provisions of our God
Attend us all our days;
O may his house be our abode,
And all our work his praise.

PSALM XXIV. C. M.

1 Now let our soul's immortal powers
To meet the Lord prepare;
Lift up your heads, eternal doors,
The King of Glory's near.

2 Who is the King of Glory? Who
His wond'rous name can tell?
The Lord of Hosts, who dwelt below,
And conquer'd sin and Hell.

3 Jesus, the God of boundless might,
Whom heaven and earth obey;
Lift up your heads, ye gates of light,
Eternal doors, give way!

4 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hosts renown'd,
Glory to Him alone is due,
Who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXX. C. M.

1 I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

2 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

3 His wrath has but a moment's reign;
His favor no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

4 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favors endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXII. L. M.

1 He's blest whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.

2 No sooner I my sin disclos'd,—
The guilt that tortur'd me within,—
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

3 Sorrows on Sorrows multiplied
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But those who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

4 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them (for they alone have cause)
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM XXXIII. C. M.

1 Let all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

3 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, still let our hearts rejoice
Because we trust in Thee.

4 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want, or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

1 Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.

4 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

5 O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

6 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

PSALM XXXIV. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 Thee will I thank, and day by day,
Form to thy praise the joyful lay;
From morn to eve my song extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend!

2 While pleas'd each heart of humble frame,
Shall wake, great God! to hear thy fame,
O come, your voice triumphant raise,
And sing, with me, your Maker's praise.

3 O taste with me, O taste, and prove
The blessings of his boundless love;
And (fearless of repulse or shame)
The promise of his mercy claim.

4 Hail, Saviour of the human race!
Hail, fountain of exhaustless grace!
Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
Nor own, nor ask a help but thine.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

1 O Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest Orb of Heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust.

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
To banquet on thy Love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day;
O let thy saints thy favor gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXIX. C. M.

1 Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth, and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my earthly hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my All.

PSALM XXXIX. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 O let me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end;
Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
How soon my fabric shall return
To earth—and in the silent tomb
It's seat of lasting rest assume.

2 What are my days? a span their line!
And what my age, compar'd with thine?
Our life advancing to it's close
While scarce it's earliest dawn it knows,
Swift, like a fleeting shade, we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers! here, as they,
I walk, the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest—thy works admire,
Then instant from the scene retire:
Where then shall I my refuge see?
On whom repose my hope—but Thee?

4 Before thy Throne my knees I bend;
To thee my ceaseless prayers ascend:
O spare me, Lord! awhile O spare,—
My strength renew, my heart prepare,
Ere life's short circuit wander'd o'er—
I perish, and am seen no more.

PSALM XXXIX. *Version* 3. L. M.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
To spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

3 Vain his Ambition, Strife, and Shew—
Vain are the cares which rack his mind;
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe;
He dies, and leaves them all behind.

4 O be a nobler portion mine—
My God, I bow before thy throne;
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hopes on thee alone.

5 O spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee;
And when my days on earth are o'er
Let me for ever dwell with Thee.

PSALM XL. L. M.

1 I waited meekly for the Lord
Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;
He did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When founder'd deep in mire and clay;
On solid ground he plac'd my feet,
And suffer'd not my feet to stray.

3 The wonders he for me has wrought,
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.

4 All those who humbly seek his face,
To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all who prize his saving grace,
With me shall say—"The Lord be prais'd."

PSALM XLII. C. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present
When I, with crowds of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent.

4 When I advanc'd with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay;
And led the joyful, sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

5 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; and he'll employ
His aid for thee; and change those sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

6 And when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispell'd this storm,
To thee I'll midnight Anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

7 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLII. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 As pants the hart for cooling springs
So longs my soul, O King of Kings!
Thy face in near approach to see,
So thirsts, great source of life, for Thee.

2 Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise;
Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,
Thy love the beams of comfort gave.

3 Thy name to wonder prompts my tongue,
My joy by day, by night my song;
To thee my soul ascends in prayer,
And in thy bosom pours it's care.

4 Then why, my soul, with care opprest?
And whence the woes that fill thy breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes
On God thy stedfast hope repose.

PSALM XLVI.

1 God is our refuge in distress,
A present help, when dangers press;
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
Tho' earth were from her centre tost,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentle stream, with gladness still
The city of our God shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high.
God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock th' assaults of earthly powers,
While his Almighty aid is nigh.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom heaven's triumphant Host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and still shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

PSALM LI. L. M.

1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my sins before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book!

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just,
Look down, O Lord! with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die!

3 Tho' I have griev'd thy spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let me now come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart!

PSALM LV. C. M.

1 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

2 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand Angels must appear
If he command their aid.

PSALM LIX. C. M.

1 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend:
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence
Who only canst defend.

2 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
My haughty foes to me.

3 Early will I thy mercy sing,
Thy wond'rous power confess,
For thou hast been my sure defence,
My refuge in distress.

4 To thee, with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

PSALM LXI. S. M.

1 When overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes!

2 O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head:
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter, and my shade.

3 Within thy presence Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the Tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. L. M.

1 My soul for help on God relies,
From him alone my safety flows;
My Rock, my Health, who strength supplies
To bear the shock of all my foes.

2 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send:
He is my Fortress and Defence;
On him my soul shall still depend.

3 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful, and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

4 And thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose;
My Rock and Health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM LXIII. S. M.

1 My God permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine:
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2 For life without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this—
To serve, and please the Lord.

3 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful Providence
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXV. L. M.

1 The praise of Sion waits for thee
My God; and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their public vows.

2 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house
To taste thy love divinely free.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honor, Praise, and Glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

PSALM LXVI. C. M.

1 Let all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

2 And let them say—"How dreadful, Lord,
"In all thy works art thou!
"To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
"Shall all be forc'd to bow."

3 O all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
He keeps our life—maintains our peace—
And guides our doubtful ways.

4 This God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend ;
And to the voice of my request
With constant love, attend.

5 Then bless'd for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

PSALM LXVII. S. M.

1 To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wond'rous way
May thro' the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let different nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O Let them shout and sing,
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge, and King,
Shall govern all the earth.

5 Let different nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the word, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

PSALM LXVIII. *Part* 1. L. M.

1 Lord, when thou did'st ascend on high,
Ten thousand Angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there,
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of Hell
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sends the promis'd Spirit down
With gifts and grace for rebel Man,
That God may dwell on earth again.

Part 2.

1 We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits—to warm the ground—
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak—he guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love:
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains!

5 God's own right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above;
There shall they taste his endless love.

PSALM LXXI. C. M.

1 In thee I put my stedfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

2 Be thou my strong abiding place
To which I may resort:
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

3 Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender, infant days;
And thro' the dang'rous paths of youth
Thou hast preserv'd my ways.

4 Then cast me not away, O Lord,
When I with age decay;
Forsake me not, when, worn with years,
My strength shall fade away.

5 And as for me, my stedfast hope
Shall on thy pow'r depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

PSALM LXXII. L. M.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his Love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of Want are blest.

5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And Earth repeat the loud Amen!

PSALM LXXIII. C. M.

1 God my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help, for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Thro' this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in Heav'n without my God,
'Twou'd be no Heav'n to me:
And while this Earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold! the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die;
Not all the Idol-gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXX. L. M.

1 O Israel's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The brightness of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

3 O Thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn!
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return!

4 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou,
The brightness of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXIV. C. M.

1 O God of Hosts! the mighty Lord!
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face.

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee,
Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways,
That to thy dwelling lead.

4 They shall proceed from strength to stren
And still approach more near, [gth,
Till all on Sion's holy mount
Before their God appear.

5 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Are still repos'd on thee.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.

2 On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With Salvation's walls surrounded
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal Love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t'assuage!
Blessings, like th' Eternal Giver,
Never fail from age to age.

PSALM LXXXIX. L. M.

1 Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 For thy stupendous truth and love,
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe;
By choirs of Angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

3 With rev'rence, and religious dread
His servants to his house should press;
His fear thro' all their hearts should spread
Who his Almighty Name confess.

4 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n: Thee, Lord, alone,
The world and all that it contains
Their *Maker* and *Preserver* own.

PSALM XC. C. M.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or Earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are as an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising Sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all it's sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
  Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
  And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 Lord! thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just:
In every age their safe abode,
Their Hope, their Refuge, and their Trust!

2 Great Father of Eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Short as the silent watch of night!

3 Uncertain Life! how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour! how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb!

4 Teach us to count our shorten'd days,
And, with true diligence, apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways;
Thus learn to live, and learn to die.

PSALM XCII. L. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O God our King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest:
No mortal care should seize our breast.
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 Our hearts shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word.
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels! how divine!

4 O may we see, and hear, and know
What mortals cannot reach below;
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal World of Joy.

PSALM XCII. *Version* 2.

1 Thou! who art enthron'd above,
Thou! by whom we live and move,
O how sweet with joyful tongue
To resound thy praise in song.

2 When the Morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

3 Sweet the Day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast;
When we dwell within thy House,
Hear thy Word, and pay our vows.

4 Notes to Heav'n's high mansion raise,
Fill it's courts with sounding praise.
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful name.

PSALM XCIII.

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim;
And publish abroad
His wonderful name.
The name all victorious
Of Jesus extol;
His Kingdom is glorious
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh,
His presence we have.
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation
To Jesus our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the Throne:
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son.
Our Jesus's praises
The Angels proclaim—
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right,
All Glory and Pow'r,
And Wisdom and Might;
All Honor and Blessing,
With Angels above.
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite Love.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

1 O come, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise

2 Into his presence let us haste
To thank him for his mercies past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise which to His Name belongs.

3 The depths of Earth are in his hand;
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills, which threat the skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.

4 The rolling Ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right, is His;
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,
Which form'd, and fix'd the solid land.

5 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall!

PSALM XCVII. L. M.

1 Th' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth—o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the Mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

1 Joy to the world; the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare him room,
And Heav'n and Nature sing.

2 Joy to the world; the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ,
While seas, and shores, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his Righteousness,
The wonders of his Love!

PSALM XCIX. S. M.

1 The great Jehovah reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humbled there.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns!
Let Earth adore her Lord!
Bright Cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His Church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

5 How glorious is his name!
Aloud his praise rehearse:
Justice, and truth, and wisdom join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM C. L. M.

1 With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with sacred mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we, and all proceed;
We, whom He chuses for his own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his Temple-gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

4 For He's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM CIII. L. M.

1 My soul inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favors mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 'Tis He that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound;
From danger He thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace,
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

4 As high as Heav'n it's arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay!

5 Let ev'ry creature join to bless
The mighty Lord!—and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM CIII. *Version* 2. S. M.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

5 But thy compassions, Lord!
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. *Version* 3. L. M.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot!

'Twas He, my soul, who sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done!
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains which nature feels;
Redeems the soul from Hell, and saves
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves!

Our strength decay'd, his pow'r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our souls with heav'nly food.

PSALM CV. C. M.

O render thanks and bless the Lord,
  Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
  His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns
  His wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
  The subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his Almighty name
  Alone to be ador'd;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
  Who humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord; his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 O let the works his hands have wrought
Your admiration move;
Think on the judgments of his mouth;
And wonders of his love.

6 His Cov'nant, which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past;
To num'rous ages yet to come
In equal force shall last.

PSALM CVI. L. M.

1 O render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express?
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy precepts never stray;
Who know what's right—not only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favor, Lord!
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me!

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine!

PSALM CVII. L. M.

1 Give thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts—his Name is Love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the people whom he chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 Like them, when our release we gain
From sin's hard yoke, and Satan's chain,
And have this desert world to pass,
A wearisome, and dang'rous place.

4 He feeds, and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

5 O let us all, with joy, record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue exalt his praise.

PSALM CVII. *Version* 2. C. M.

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 From all their fears and griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy sets them free,
When in the confidence of prayer
Their soul takes hold on Thee.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, which roar'd at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

PSALM CVIII. C. M.

1 O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake my lute—nor thou, my harp,
Thy choicest notes delay;
While I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day;

3 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond the distant clouds
Thy faithfulness extends.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame,
And let the world, with one consent
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CX.

1 All hail! victorious Lord!
At God's right hand above,
Triumphant o'er thy foes!
Triumphant in thy love!
To Thee our joyful songs we bring,
To Thee we bow, all-conqu'ring King!

2 O haste victorious Prince!
That glorious, happy day
When souls, like morning dew
Shall own thy gentle sway:
O may it bless our longing eyes,
And bear our praise beyond the skies!

3 All hail! exalted Priest!
To Thee our all we give,
Enthron'd above the skies
All homage to receive!
There deign in our behalf to plead—
There ever for us intercede!

PSALM CXI. L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord—our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirm'd thro' ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

3 By precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to posterity record
That "*Good and gracious is the Lord*"!

4 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Hath all his servants' wants supplied;
And He will ever keep in mind
His covenant with our Fathers sign'd.

5 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same—
Holy and reverend is His name!

PSALM CXI. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 My soul, with sacred zeal inspir'd,
Shall wake to God the thankful strain,
In secret with his saints retir'd,
And 'midst fair Sion's crowded fane.

2 Great are his works—with constant aim
Each faithful heart those works has trac'd;
His acts shall highest honor claim;
His righteousness for ever last.

3 His wonders to each grateful heart
In sweet memorial stand confest:
For boundless grace his hands impart,
And tenderest pity warms his breast.

4 His love, the souls to Him allied,
With food of heav'nly growth has fill'd,
Nor suffers from his thoughts to slide
The promise to his people seal'd!

PSALM CXII. L. M.

1 That man is blest who fears the Lord,
Loves his command, and trusts his word;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his seed descend.

2 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
His heart is arm'd against all fear
For God, with all his pow'r, is there.

3 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
Amidst the darkness light shall rise
To warm his heart and cheer his eyes!

4 The soul that's fill'd with heav'nly light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night!
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust!

PSALM CXVI. C. M.

1 My soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.

2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd
I never will despair;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my prayer.

3 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
  Resume thy wonted rest:
For God has wond'rously to thee
  His bounteous Love exprest.

4 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
  My danger and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd
  And dried my eyes from tears.

5 Therefore my life's remaining years,
  Which God to me shall lend,
I will in praises to his name
  And in his service spend.

PSALM CXVII. C. M.

1 With cheerful notes let all the earth
  To heav'n their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
  Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound;
  His truth knows no decay;
Then let the willing nations round
  Their grateful tribute pay.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
  And shall be evermore.

PSALM CXVII. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' every land, by ev'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more!

PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To day He rose: and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King!
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend, and bring
Salvation from the throne.

4 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise:
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXIX. *Part* 1. C. M.

1 Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
It's service is thy due:
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below;
Let not thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide!

4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heards't my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again!

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue;
His law shall rule my heart.

PSALM CXIX. *Part* 2. C. M.

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.

2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit;
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord!
But keep my conscience clear!

5 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep!

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road!
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God!

PSALM CXXI. C. M.

1 To Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest;
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel safely keep.

3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest;
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day, or night, molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXI. *Version* 2. L. M.

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He guides my feet, he guards my way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours, while Israel sleeps.

3 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.

4 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord:—his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.

PSALM CXXII. C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,—
"In Zion let us all appear
"And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates—I love the road;
The Church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair:
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment, there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

PSALM CXXII.

1 The festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.

2 But lo! to my expecting eyes,
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise!
By faith, with glad survey,
I view her mansions that contain
Angelic forms, a glorious train!
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the Redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute thither bring:
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

4 Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waste deplore:

PSALM CXXX. *Version* 2. C. M.

1 When rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear!

2 If *now* while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought,

3 When Thou, O Lord! shall stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled soul
Which does her sins lament,
Of *One* who suffer'd unto death,
Her suff'rings to prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

PSALM CXXX. *Version* 3. L. M.

1 From the dark borders of despair,
Earnest to thee, my God, I cry;
O wilt thou pitying hear my pray'r,
And listen to my plaintive sigh!

2 Lord! who shall stand before thy face
If thou should'st strictly mark our faults?
Wert thou severe, what hope of grace
Could comfort my desponding thoughts?

3 But sov'reign mercy dwells with thee;
Hope; therefore, dawns amidst my fears;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
I view, and stay my flowing tears.

4 On God alone my soul would wait,
His sacred word my hope and stay;
His sacred word can light create,
And turn my gloomy night to day.

5 Let fainting Israel on the Lord
Ever, with cheerful hopes, recline;
For grace and mercy in his word
Written in lines of glory shine.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 Lord! if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my master be,
Rooted in humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild;
Humble as a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Father! fix my soul on Thee;
Every evil let me flee,
Nothing want below, above,
Happy, happy in thy love.

4 O! that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus join'd:
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him—praise him evermore!

PSALM CXXXIV. C. M.

1 Ye that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his power,
And bless his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high:
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With beams of quick'ning grace;
The God who spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALM CXXXIV. *Version* 2.

1 Ye servants of God,
  Whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd
  In watching and prayer;
With praises unceasing
  Your Saviour proclaim,
Rejoicing, and blessing
  His excellent name.

2 'Tis Jesus commands,
  Come all to his house,
And lift up your hands,
  And pay him your vows;
And whilst you are giving
  Your Saviour his due,
The Lord out of heaven
  Shall sanctify you.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version* 1.

1 To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat:
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great!
    For God will prove
    Our constant friend;
    His boundless love
    Shall never end.

By his Almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The Heav'ns, by his command,
Were to perfection brought.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

Thro' heav'n he did display
His num'rous hosts of light;
The Sun to rule by day,
The Moon and Stars by night.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version* 2.

ve to our God immortal praise;
ercy and truth are all his ways;
onders of grace to God belong,
epeat his mercies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of Lords renown;
The King of Kings with glory crown;
His mercy ever shall endure, [more!
When Lords and Kings are known no

3 He built the earth—he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night;
His mercy ever shall endure
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

5 He sent his son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.

6 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more!

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version* 3.

1 Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of Kings;
And be his grace ador'd.

His power and grace
Are still the same
And let his name
Have endless praise!

2 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
Our ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word!

3 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, Sin, and Death,
And every hurtful foe:
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glory sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Version* 4.

1 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to our Heav'nly King;
'Twas his wisdom form'd the sky,
With the num'rous lights on high;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end!

2 He by his all-pow'rful might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
He ordain'd the glorious sun
Every day his course to run;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end.

3 All his creatures God doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
Let us then, with joyful mind,
Bless the Lord for ever kind;
For his blessings far extend,
And his mercy knows no end!

PSALM CXXXVIII. L. M.

1 With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below
So much thy power and glory shew.

3 To God I cried when troubles rose,
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears controul,
And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

4 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM XXXIX. L. M.

1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up, my lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand.
Oh! skill for human thought too high;
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye.

3 If I the morning wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

4 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen, from thy all-searching eyes;
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy [way
As in the blazing noon of day.

5 Search me, O God, and try my heart,
If evil lurks in any part;
Correct me, where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXLV. C. M. *Part* 1.

1 Thee I'll extol, my God and King;
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute will I daily bring,
And ever bless thy name.

2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty with boundless height
Above our knowledge rais'd.

3 Thou, Lord, art good; fresh acts of grace
Thy pity still supplies;
Thy anger moves with slowest pace,
Thy willing mercy flies.

4 Whilst I thy glory, and renown,
And wond'rous works express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

5 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

PSALM CXLV. *Part* 2.

1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high—but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
How soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves!

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r, and praise proclaim;
May we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. *Part* 3.

1 Great God! whilst nature speaks thy praise,
With all her num'rous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their songs.

2 Thy pow'r and greatness they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign,
And wond'rous deeds, Almighty King!
Shall fill the raptur'd strain.

3 Their sweetly-flowing strains shall tell
The riches of thy grace;
Their songs of grateful joy reveal
Thy spotless Righteousness.

4 The falling saint, with pow'rful grace
The God of love shall raise;
The humble, under deep distress
Shall rise, and speak thy praise.

5 The praise of God—delightful theme!
Shall fill my heart and tongue:
Let all creation bless His name
In one eternal song.

PSALM CXLV. *Version* 2. L. M.

My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
Till death and glory raise the song!

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow;
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
Their greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM CXLVI. C. M.

O praise the Lord, and thou my soul,
For ever bless his name;
His wond'rous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

2 How happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

3 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his stedfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

4 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVI. *Version* 2.

1 I'll praise my maker while I've breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God:—He form'd the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 He loves his saints; he knows them well;
But turns the wicked down to hell.
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns!
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

4 I'll praise him while he gives me breath;
And, when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. L. M.

1 Praise ye the Lord. 'Tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names.
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound—
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd!

3 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

4 His saints are lovely in his sight:
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
Beholds, and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame:
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
Thou Sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of light,
To Him your homage pay:
His praise declare
Ye Heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose Almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

4 United zeal be shewn,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends
His pow'r obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

5 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

1 O praise ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

2 Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express:
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
The humble to bless.

3 With glory adorn'd,
His people shall sing
To God, who their heads
With safety doth shield.
Such honor and triumph
His favor shall bring:
O, therefore, for ever,
All praise to him yield.

PSALM CL. L. M.

1 O praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd, in perfect glory shows.

2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals tune their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

4 Let all who vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord!

PSALM CL. *Version* 2.

1 Sing praises to God,
In full harmony joining,
Ye mortals below,
And ye seraphs above;
Thro' earth and thro' air,
Let your accents combining
Extol the great acts
Of his pow'r and his love.

2 O praise him aloud
In the full sounding measures,
That trumpets and organs
Symphonious inspire;
Let lutes lend their sweetness
To these holy pleasures,
And deeply devout
Be the strains of the lyre.

3 Be vocal, ye mute,
To the Lord of Creation;
In echoes your tribute
Of gratitude raise;
And all that have breath,
In sublime adoration,
The breath that He gave you,
Employ to his praise.

HYMNS

FOR

MORNING AND EVENING;

AND THE

PRINCIPAL

FESTIVALS OF THE CHURCH.

HYMNS.

HYMN I. *Morning.*

1 Awake, my soul, and with the Sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Glory to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, that when from death I wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, controul, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heav'nly host;—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN II. *Morning* (*or Evening.*) L. M.

1 My God, how endless is thy Love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

3 We yield our pow'rs to thy command,
To thee still consecrate our days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN III. *Evening.* L. M.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment-Day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose!
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God, when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures, here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heav'nly host;—
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN IV. *Evening.* L. M.

1 Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow of my head;
While well-appointed Angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet Salvation in the sound!

HYMN V. *Evening.*

1 Ere I sleep, for ev'ry favor
This day shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy Peace
Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

3 Thou—my Rock, my Guard, my Tow'r—
Safely keep,
While I sleep,
Me with all thy pow'r.

4 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise
With the Wise—
Counted in their number.

HYMN VI. *Evening.* C. M.

1 Dread sov'reign, let my Ev'ning song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Thro' all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual blessings from above
Encompass me around;
But Oh! how few returns of love
Hath my Redeemer found!

4 What have I done for Him, who died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
Fast as my minutes roll!

5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine,
To thy blest Cross I flee;
And to thy Grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning Blood,
I lay me down to rest;
'Tis that shall make my peace with God,
And that shall calm by breast.

HYMN VII. *Advent.* C. M.

1 Hark! the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him break,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.

5 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN VIII. *Advent.* C. M.

1 Plunged in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eye, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw—and O amazing love!
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled!
Enter'd the world in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

5 Angels ! assist our mighty joys ;—
Strike all your harps of gold :
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

HYMN IX. *For the New Year.* C. M.

1 And now, my soul, another year
Of thy short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my fleeting life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?

4 Now a new scene of time begins,
Set out afresh for Heav'n ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
In Christ so freely giv'n.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN X. *Christmas.*

1 Christians arise, and hail the sacred day!
Let ev'ry heart its grateful homage pay:
Rise to adore the mystery of love, [above;
Which hosts of Angels chaunted from
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful Shepherds it was told,
Who heard th' angelic Herald's voice,
"Behold,
"I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,
"To you, and all the nations of the earth;
"This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd word;
"This day is born a Saviour—Christ the Lord."

3 The praises of redeeming love they sung,
And Heav'ns whole orb with Hallelujahs rung;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and to mankind goodwill.
To Bethlehem soon the favor'd shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man.

4 Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones among
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphant song:
He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display;
Sav'd by his love, united we shall sing
The praises of our Saviour and our King.

HYMN XI. *Christmas.*

1 Hark! the herald Angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
"Peace on Earth, and mercy mild,
"God and sinners reconcil'd."

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ, by highest Heav'n ador'd!
Christ, the everlasting Lord!
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, th' Incarnate Deity!

4 Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all He brings,
Ris'n with healing in His wings.

5 Mild He lays his Glory by:
Born, that man no more may die;
Born, to raise the sons of earth;
Born, to give them second birth.

6 Come, Desire of nations, come;
Fix in us thy humble home!
Let us here thy guidance prove,
Till we reign with Thee above!

HYMN XII. *Christmas.*

1 Lift up your heads in joyful hope,
Salute the happy morn;
Each heavenly Pow'r
Proclaims the glad hour;
Lo, Jesus the Saviour is born!

2 All Glory be to God on high!
To him all praise is due;
The promise is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the record is true.

3 Let joy around like rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase,
Spread o'er the glad earth
At Jesus's birth;
For Heaven and Earth are at peace.

4 Now the good will of Heav'n is shewn
Tow'rds Adam's helpless race:
Messiah is come
To ransom his own—
To save them by infinite grace.

5 Then let us join the heav'ns above,
Where hymning Seraphs sing:
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their Lord is ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

HYMN XIII. *Christmas.*

1 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng,
The Angels no such love have known,
As we to wake their song.

2 Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given;
For lo! th' Incarnate Saviour comes,
With messages from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
The promis'd Child is born.

4 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory then by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

5 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial Choir,
Their own immortal strains!

HYMN XIV. *Christmas.*

1 Mighty God! while Angels bless thee,
May a sinner praise thy name!
Lord of men as well as Angels,
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme.
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Brightness of thy Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie;
Fly my tongue such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah! Amen.

3 Did Archangels sing thy coming?
Did the Shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
Hallelujah! Amen.

4 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah! Amen.

5 Go, return, immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy Throne;
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Hallelujah! Amen.

HYMN XV. *Christmas.*

1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in Thee.
Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art:
Come, Desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart!

2 Born, thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring!
By thine own Eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient Merit,
Raise us to thy glorious Throne.

HYMN XVI. *Christmas.* C. M.

1 Salvation, O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Chorus.—Glory, Honor, Praise, and Power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At Death's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by Grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.

Chorus.—Glory, Honor, &c.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around:
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Chorus.—Glory, Honor, &c.

HYMN XVII. *Epiphany.*

1 Sons of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing thro' the shades of Death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, far off and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet him, manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Beaming light upon our eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars again;
God descends on earth to reign:
Deigns for man his life t'employ,—
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

HYMN XVIII. *Epiphany.*

1 O Jesu our Lord,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich blessings convey'd thro' thy [Word.

2 In Spirit we trace
Thy wonders of Grace,
And cheerfully join in a concert of praise.

3 The Ancient of Days
His Glory displays, [rays.
And shines on his people with cherishing

4 The trumpet of God
Is sounding abroad [Blood.
Glad tidings of Mercy and Peace thro' His

5 Thrice happy are they
Who hear, and obey, [Day.
And share in the blessings of this Gospel

HYMN XIX. *Good Friday.*

1 Lo! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day.
Come to Judgement!
Come to Judgement! Come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his Saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air.
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

5 Yea, Amen! Let all adore thee,
High on thine eternal throne.
Saviour, take the pow'r and glory,
Claim the kingdom for thine own.
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come!

HYMN XX. *Good Friday.*

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His thoughts tow'rds us are love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN XXI. *Easter.*

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the Throne;
Then thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us!"

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

5 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

HYMN XXII. *Easter.*

1 Rejoice! the Lord is King,
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing,
And triumph evermore.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When he had purg'd our sins,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand;
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice, in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound "Rejoice!"

HYMN XXIII. *Easter.* L. M.

1 Now for a tune of lofty praise,
To great Jehovah's equal Son;
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
Tell the high wonders he has done.

2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came to raise our nature high;
He came, t' atone Almighty wrath;—
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
Th' Almighty Captive pris'ner lay;—
Th' Almighty Captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting Day.

5 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred Name fills all their tongues,
And echoes thro' the heav'nly plains.

HYMN XXIV. *Easter.* L. M.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies,
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of Glory dies for men!—
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
(The tomb in vain forbids his rise)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns!
Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of Hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!

6 Say, "Live for ever wond'rous King!
"Born to redeem, and strong to save."
Then ask the monster—"Where's thy sting?
"And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

HYMN XXV. *Easter.*

1 Brethren, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our Joy and Peace;
Let our praise to him be giv'n,
High at God's right hand in Heav'n.

2 Master, see! to Thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the Angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest, our King.
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of Glory, full of Grace.

4 Thou hast the Glad tidings brought,
Of Salvation by Thee wrought—
Wrought for all thy Church; and we
Worship in their company.

5 We, thy little Flock, adore
Thee, the Lord for evermore.
Ever with us shew thy Love,
Till we join with those above!

HYMN XXVI. *Easter.*

1 " Christ, the Lord is ris'n to day !"
Sons of men, and Angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

2 Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise !
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

3 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once He died our souls to save,
Where's thy vict'ry, O Grave ?"

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head ;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Our's the Cross, the Grave, the Skies !

5 What tho' once we perish'd all,
Partners of our Parents' fall !
Second life we now receive,
When in Jesus we believe.

6 Hail ! the Lord of Earth and Heav'n !
Praise to Thee by both be giv'n :
Thee we hail triumphant now ;
Hail ! the Resurrection, Thou !

HYMN XXVII. *Ascension.*

1 Hail! the Day that sees him rise
Passing to his native Skies!
Christ,—awhile to mortals given,—
Re-ascends the highest Heaven.

2 There the pompous Triumph waits,
"Lift your heads, eternal Gates!
"Wide unfold the radiant scene,
"Take the King of Glory in!"

3 See; the Heav'n it's Lord receives!
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his Throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Master! Lord! to thee we cry,
On thy Throne exalted high
See thy faithful servants, see,
Ever looking up to Thee.

5 Grant, though parted from our sight
Far above yon azure height,
Grant, our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking thee beyond the skies.

HYMN XXVIII. *Ascension.*

1 How glorious the Lamb
Is seen on his Throne!
His labors are o'er,
His conquests are won:

A Kingdom is given
Into the Lamb's hand,
In Earth and in Heaven
For ever to stand.

2 Ye sinners below,
Then trust in the Lord;
Look up to his arm,
His Honor, his Word;
Athirst for his Favor,
His Godhead adore;
Look up to your Saviour,
And joy evermore.

HYMN XXIX. *Whitsunday.* L. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, descend and dwell,
By Faith and Love, in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess
And learn the height, and breadth, and [length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God, whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know;
Be everlasting honors done
By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN XXX. *Trinity Sunday.* L. M.

1 Blest be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to Thee, great Son of God,
Forth from whose wounded body rolls
A precious stream of pard'ning blood,
Comfort and life for dying souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN XXXI. *Trinity Sunday.*

1 We give immortal praise
To God the Father's Love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe;
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal Worship give,
Whose new-creating Power
Makes the dead Sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There Faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN XXXII. *All Saints.* S. M.

1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel and his Care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the Throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs;
Immortal crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN XXXIII. *All Saints.* C. M.

1 There is a Land of pure delight
Where Saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise;
And view the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes.

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the Landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold flood
Could fright us from the shore.

HYMN XXXIV. *Harvest.*

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the Love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy Praise our tongues employ.

2 For the blessings of the Field,
For the stores the Gardens yield,
For the joy which Harvests bring,—
Grateful praises now we sing.

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

4 All that Spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

5 These to Thee, our God, we owe,
Source from whence all Blessings flow!
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN XXXV. *Autumn.*

1 See the leaves around us falling
Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound;

2 "Sons of Adam! (once in Eden
"Whence, like us, he blighted fell)
"Hear the lecture we are reading—
"'Tis, alas! the Truth we tell.

3 " Youths! though yet no losses grieve you,
" Gay in health, and many a grace,
" Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
" Summer gives to Autumn place.

4 " Yearly in our course returning,
" Messengers of shortest stay,
" Thus we preach this truth concerning,
" eav'n and earth shall pass away!"

5 " On the tree of life eternal
" Man, let all thy hopes be staid;
" Which alone, for ever vernal,
" Bears a leaf that cannot fade.

6 " Thus, tho' wint'ry death appals thee,
" Joyful thou from earth shalt rise;
" 'Tis a heav'nly voice recalls thee
" To thy long-lost Paradise.

HYMN XXXVI.

Sunday. Public Worship. L. M.

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler Rest above;
O that we may that Rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death shall reach that place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to wake with God.

HYMN XXXVII. *Public Worship.*

1 Lo, God is here! let us adore,
And own how awful is this place!
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
And silent bow before his face!
Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove,
Serve him with awe, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo, God is here! Him day and night
Th' united choirs of angels sing;
To him enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring.
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a feeble tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear, and do thy sacred will.
To Thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

HYMN XXXVIII. *Before Service.*

1 Thou! who art enthron'd above,
Thou, by whom we live and move;
O how sweet with joyful tongue
To resound thy praise in song!

2 'Tis the day of sacred Rest;
May devotion fill our breast!
May we dwell within thy House,
Hear thy word and pay our vows!

3 Notes to Heav'n's high mansion raise;
Fill His courts with sounding praise;
Let repeated hymns proclaim
Great Jehovah's awful Name!

HYMN XXXIX. *Before Service.*

1 Raise your voice, and thankful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

2 Israel thy Redeemer bless;
And with joyful tongue confess,
That his Mercies far extend,
And his Bounty knows no end.

HYMN XL. *Before Service.*

1 Meet and right it is, to sing
Glory to our God and King:
Meet, in ev'ry time and place,
To rehearse His solemn praise.

2 Praises here to Thee we give,
Gracious Thou our praise receive;
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd,
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord!

HYMN XLI. *Before Service.*

1 Lord, we come before Thee, now;
At thy feet we humbly bow:
Let thy Spirit now impart
Thy Salvation to each heart.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich Grace.
Tune our lips to sing thy Praise.

HYMN XLII. *After Service.*

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
  One in three, and three in one!
As by the celestial Host,
  Let Thy will on earth be done.
Praise by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n!

HYMN XLIII. *After Service.*

Father thro' thy Son receive
  Our grateful sacrifice;
All the wants of all that live
  Thy bounteous hand supplies—
Fills the world with plenteous food—
  For the riches of thy grace
Take, thou universal King,
  The universal praise.

HYMN XLIV. *After Service.*

1 This God is the God we adore,
  Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
  And neither knows measure, nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
  Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
  And trust Him for all that's to come!

HYMN XLV. *After Service.*

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.
O refresh us,
Trav'ling thro' this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy Salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on Angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

HYMN XLVI. *After Service.*

1 Praising God in songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join;
We, with them, our voices raise,
Echoing Thine eternal praise.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd.
Full of Thee, they ever cry,
"Glory be to God on high!"

HYMN XLVII. *After Service.*

1 Lord, help us on thy word to feed;
In peace dismiss us hence;
Be Thou, in every time of need,
Our refuge and defence.

2 We now desire to bless thy Name,
And in our hearts record,
And with our thankful tongues proclaim,
The goodness of the Lord.

HYMN XLVIII. *After Service.*

On seeds of grace now sown,
Thy blessing, Lord, bestow:
The power is thine alone,
To make them spring and grow:
Do Thou the plenteous harvest raise,
And Thou alone shalt have the praise.

Sacramental.

HYMN XLIX.

1 Jesus invites his saints,
To meet around his board:
Here pardon'd sinners come, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 Let all our pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raise:
Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN L.

1 Come, let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts, in solemn lays,
Be with our voices join'd.

2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
When Angels try in vain?
Their faces veil, when they appear
Before the Son of Man.

3 O Lord, we cannot silent be;
By love we are constrain'd
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Saviour, and our Friend.

4 Tho' feeble are our best essays,
Thy love will not despise
Our grateful songs of humble praise,
Our well-meant sacrifice.

5 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

6 Worship and honor, thanks, and love
Be to our Saviour given
By men below—by hosts above—
By all in earth and heav'n.

HYMN LI. C. M.

1 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield art Thou, O Lord!
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

3 The sacred word of Grace is strong,
As that which built the skies:
The voice, which rolls the stars along,
Spakè all the promises.

4 My hiding-place, my refuge, tow'r,
And shield art Thou, O Lord!
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

HYMN LII.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry contrite heart.

2 Come! Almighty to deliver;
Let us all thy life receive:
Suddenly return, and never—
Never more thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve thee as thine hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee, without ceasing;
Glory in thy boundless love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see thy great salvation
Perfectly fulfill'd by Thee.
Chang'd from glory into glory,
'Till in heav'n we take our place,
'Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN LIII. C. M.

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 This is the grace that lives, and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the bright realms of bliss.

4 When join'd to that harmonious throng,
That fills the choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden harps,
And ev'ry note be love.

HYMN LIV.

1 Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing—
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad!
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes;
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock and blest!
You on Jesu's throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

6 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

HYMN LV. C. M.

1 Thou blest Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No music like thy cheering name,
Nor half so sweet, can be.

2 O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedeck!

3 Jesus shall ever be our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing of Jesu's glorious name,
When all things else decay.

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favor'd throng;
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN LVI. L. M.

1 Go, worship at Immanuel's feet;
See, in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow, to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of our Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colors not her own.

3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
O Lord our souls would thus be fed:
That Flesh, that dying Blood of thine
Is Bread of Life, is heav'nly Wine.

4 He is our Rock: how firm he proves!
The Rock of ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams, that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is our Sun: his beams are Grace,
His course is Joy and Righteousness;
Nations rejoice, when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

6 O may we climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines, and reigns th' Incarnate God.

7 Not earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN LVII. C. M.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All!

3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LVIII.

1 All hail the great Redeemer's name
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye heaven-born Seraphs, tune the lyre,
And, as ye sound it fall
Before his face, who tunes your choir,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye blessed seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Praise him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every tribe and every tongue
Obey his gracious call,
To join the universal song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Funeral.

HYMN LIX. C. M.

1 Thee we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God, on what a slender thread,
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.

6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road,
And, if our souls be hurried hence:
May they be found with God!

HYMN LX. C. M.

1 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy Spirits be.

2 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand
Then come the joyful day;
Come, Death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

3 Then, my Redeemer, take my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
That, face to face, I may behold
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN LXI. C. M.

1 And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint, and die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:

2 Shall join the disembodied saints;
And find it's long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hopes of that immortal Crown,
I now the Cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

5 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of Life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

6 I see a world of Spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

7 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!

8 Give joy, or grief, give ease, or pain,
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day.

HYMN LXII. L. M.

1 Jesus, thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in these array'd
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies;
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd, and died, for me.

3 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners—of whom the chief I am.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

HYMN LXIII. *Sabbath.*

1 Another six days' work is done;
Another Sabbath is begun:
Return, my soul! enjoy the rest,
Improve the day that God has blest.

2 This day may our devotions rise
To heaven a grateful sacrifice:
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he who feels it knows.

3 This holy calm within the breast
Prepares for that eternal rest,
Which for the sons of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet this Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end!

HYMN LXIV. *Sabbath.*

1 Thy presence, gracious God! afford;
Prepare us to receive thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mix'd with what we hear,
Thus, Lord! thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

2 To us the sacred word apply
With sov'reign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.
Thus, Lord! Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

3 Father in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will:
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to eternal day.
Thus, Lord! Thy waiting servants bless,
And crown thy Gospel with success.

Benediction.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.
Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

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